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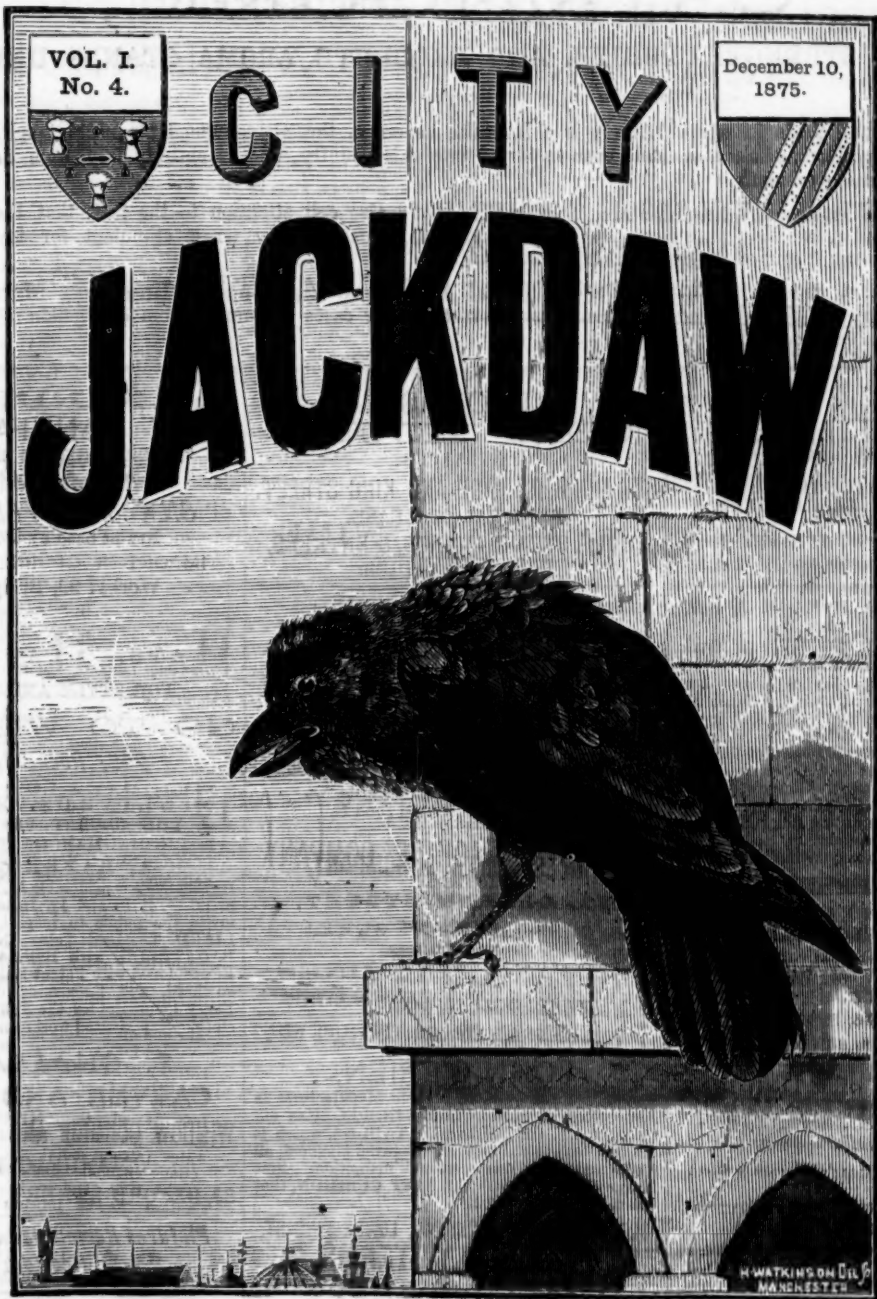
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 The Largest Stock to be seen in Manchester for the World-famed 16s. Trousers; Elvians, Beavers, and Cheviots, for Overcoats; and the 35s. Scotch Cheviot Overcoat, all sizes, ready for use.  
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 PRESENTS and TOYS, suitable for Christmas,  
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 (From Brook Street, London).  
 The Extensive Stock for the WORLD-FAMED 16s. TROUSERS, Three Guinea SCOTCH CHEVIOT SUITS, and NEW OVERCOATINGS for the Winter Season, will be found on comparison to be BETTER THAN EVER.  
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DU-VAL'S "ODDS AND ENDS" have been represented by him for 300 nights in the Exhibition Palace and Rotunda, Dublin; 170 nights in the Ulster and Victoria Halls, Belfast; 146 nights in the Queen's Hall, Liverpool; 100 nights at the New Waverley Hall, Edinburgh; 50 times consecutively in Hengler's Grand Cirque, Glasgow, before audiences comprising the *élite* of society.

Du-Val's Plan of Stalls at the Box Office, open daily, 11 to 4. Prices of Admission, 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d. Stall Tickets also may be had at FOSDYTH BROTHERS.

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NEAR ALEXANDRA PARK,  
OPEN DAILY,

From 11 to 1; 2 30 to 5; 7 to 9 30.

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HIRE OF SKATES, SIXPENCE.

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SILK AND FELT HATS,

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Having made considerable ALTERATIONS in their premises, at 10 and 12, Hilton-street, respectfully invite the public to inspect their Stock of BILLIARD TABLES; also the New BILLIARD BAGATELLE, with Billiard Cushions. Tables Re-cushioned with Patent Rubber, warranted not to go hard, and Re-covered on reasonable terms. Every Requisite for the Billiard-room always in stock. Experienced workmen sent out.

### S. CHALLONER, CARVER AND GILDER, WINDOW CORNICE AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER,

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Over every other. They are the only

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BAYNES, Successor to HUSBAND.

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 4.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1875.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## ARE THE DISSENTERS MAD?

[BY HAL O' THE WIND.]

THE question thus put is not, as many of our correspondents, in their haste or want of charity, assumed, necessarily offensive. It has been applied, by a Bishop of the Established Church, to the farmers of England, who are nevertheless admitted to be as sound and substantial subjects as any that serve Her Majesty. By a clergyman of that same Established Church it has been applied to the Bishops set over them, and yet these Bishops hold the place in the House of Peers which Mr. Dale, in the interest of his friend and protégé, Mr. Maclaren, affects to envy them. Simply to question the sanity of any man, or body of men, corporate or incorporate, is not, therefore, in any way to libel him or them, to affect their credit, or reduce their political status. Most men, who have any real grit in them, are more or less cracked at some points or at some times. Each man recognises some touch of insanity in his neighbours; some have had the temerity to libel the entire human family, " 'tis a mad world, my masters;" only a superior few have the sense to compass it in their own persons. It would be interesting—and perhaps one day we may pursue the inviting theme—to indicate the points upon which the present writer believes or suspects the various public men of Manchester—dignitaries, lay and clerical; members of parliament; aldermen and town councillors; the magistracy, paid and unpaid, down to those who only keep a door, to be severally and individually mad. We will not now, however, further discuss the point. It will be observed that the question raised is not whether Dissent is Insanity—though worse things than that of it have recently been said in pious parish magazines. Neither does it refer to the individual Dissenter, though, as already explained, we do not recognise anything necessarily insulting even in that suggestion. It does relate to the entire body of Dissenters in so far as their political action is concerned. And our readers, of their charity, are hereby requested, at the outset, to consider that the answer to the question is not necessarily affirmative, and if their minds are not fully resolved upon the matter, it is their duty to give the parties whose sanity is arraigned the benefit of the doubt.

The particular circumstance in the conduct of the Dissenters which is so much exercising the mind of the writer is that their force is being directed into a purely political and secular channel, to the neglect, it is to be feared, of their primary and sacred work. And if it can be further proved that by such neglect and misdirection they are not taking the surest, nearest, and noblest way to accomplish their admittedly desirable ends, then to that extent they are to his thinking mad. That end is the liberation of religion from State control. In this they take a high view of Christianity. The Church which was founded in purity, freedom, and communionism, ought not to be governed by a conglomerate of Jews, Turks, and Infidels. It ought not to barter its independence for State aid. The position the Dissenters then take is—We wish to see the Church relieved from State fetters. We have shaken ourselves free, and stand with minds unbound and hands unshackled. What advantages, then, do the freedmen show they have gained over the slaves that remain by the fleshpots in Egypt? Probably their teaching of religious truth is clearer, freer, more consistent; their discipline less open to contempt. But the crucial question remains, is their power more aggressive? The Christian commission by virtue of which the Church exists, is to extend the knowledge of saving truth, beginning at Jerusalem, which we may take as equivalent in our own case to begin-

ing at our own doors. Does Dissent, in fulfilling this commission, show in England any manifest advantage over Establishment? We should rejoice to be able to answer the question in the affirmative. But what do we find in effect? The Church undoubtedly is falling far short of her mission. Too many of her churches are neglected and empty; too many of her ministers, it may be, absolute drones, without the inspiration of any good purpose, or aspiration after any high object. But is not the same thing true, even in a stronger degree, of Dissenters? Closed and dark chapels, never opened from Monday to Saturday, except for purposes of heating or ventilation, as well as neglected churches, are a standing advertisement, the workrooms of the unreality and formalism of modern religion. So long as this remains true, we fail to see that the religionists who have themselves struck the effectual blow for their freedom, show any great or encouraging superiority over those who supinely remain in bondage, unconscious of, or indifferent to, the degrading restraint of chains. They are doing nothing, or next to nothing, practically to convince those they have left behind them of the advantages of liberty. Indeed, it may be said that any spasmodic attempts at missionary aggression which are being made at the present moment in England are being made by the State-fettered Church through such agents as the Bishops and the Dean of Manchester; Mr. Marshall, of St. John the Baptist's, Hulme; Mr. Allen, of Angel Meadow, and some other few both Ritualist and Evangelical. The advance of the Roman Catholics is steady, continuous, and insidious. Meanwhile the Nonconformists, whose great meeting in the Free Trade Hall the other night showed the possession of great force, are expending that force and splendid enthusiasm almost exclusively in a political channel. Are the Dissenters mad?

If a Manchester merchant should build a magnificent warehouse, and come down to it for three or four hours once a week to meet a few steady-going customers, then close his shutters and go home for six days, what would be thought of him on the Exchange? Mr. Browne would probably be the first to confess himself a fool if he opened the Prince's Theatre for a morning and evening performance, say only on Fridays, and amused himself six days out of seven in empty talk about the patent theatre, his rival, which in its way enjoys an exceptional State patronage, and is called Royal. He knows that his business is to provide more attractive entertainments, and to nurse the public appetite by constant and judicious feeding. The publicans will assuredly fight to a man for the smallest fraction of the least profitable business hour which it may be proposed by some future harassing Government to lop off from the fifteen hours a day during which they are now licensed to pursue their ordinary avocations. The newspapers are published daily; every man, however slothful in business, does bestir himself a little once in the twenty-four hours. Is there a Dissenting chapel in Manchester—except the Holy Apostolic Church in Oxford Road—urging its constant call upon the passer-by, or in which prayer is daily wont to be made? The buildings are, as a rule, shut up and fenced and locked in the day time, and are dark, cold, and silent at night. The aggressive religion of the Dissenting chapel, six days out of seven, is left with the keys in the custody of the chapel-keeper, whose name and address may be discovered, by the anxious inquirer, painted on the notice board.

Where among Dissenters can we find that unity and co-operation which are necessary to carry on intelligently and effectively the crusade of Christianity against heathenism? Not among the Congregationalists. The love of individual independence, upon which their system is based,



prevents the construction of any effective central board with the needed powers of control. The Unitarians, from their constitution, are nothing if not critical, and war rather against existing churches and congregations than to seek to build up new ones. The Wesleyan system for aggressive purposes is practically the best existing among us, and must be held free to a great extent from the strictures which we have passed upon the supineness of Dissent generally. But it is tinged too much with sacerdotalism in its government, and savours too distinctly of Romanism in its discipline to commend itself very heartily to the general English mind. For purposes of aggression, Presbyterianism, as possessing the root principles of representative government, mutual help, and a central motive power, appears to the present writer—who frankly confesses his individual predilections, and, it may be, prejudices—to be ideally the most perfect system. Unfortunately, however, its representatives in this district cannot or will not make it comprehensible to the uninstructed mind, and choose to exhibit it chiefly in their meetings, as affording prime facilities for the maintenance of vain disputations, the continuance of petty personal wranglings and unbrotherly jealousies. But, under whatever name the union and aggressive power are to be obtained, it is the end to which Dissenters must reach before they can exhibit the advantages which religion enjoys in freedom in such a form as to convince State-fettered Churchmen to follow them into the wilderness, in the confident hope of reaching, by and bye, that promised land, in which unity and freedom will be made fully manifest, and perfect peace will begin its endless reign in the Church universal.

### THE OLD FOGIE'S BIOGRAPHY.

[BY A STREET PHILOSOPHER.]

DEAR MR. JACKDAW,—I never could understand what you saw in that Old Fogie, that you should make so much of him, and I have frequently said so, but now that you have actually gone the length of putting his coat of arms on your frontispiece, I think that it is time for me to set forth who the viper is that you are warming in your bosom. Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that the Old Fogie is a Liberal, with a wife and large family—such are some of the fruits of vicious training and a bad disposition. His real name is Oliver Cramwell, and his father used to keep a beershop at Old Trafford. The young Oliver early displayed those depraved instincts which have rendered him, later in life, a sort of exaggerated Kenealy, and which rendered him, even in early youth, a blustering, hardhearted, blockheaded invader of domestic peace—a gentleman who loved everybody, so long as they did not stand in the way of his own selfish aggrandizement. One of Oliver's earliest exploits was to cut off his aged father's head, which he had previously punched, as had been his custom on many occasions. He then locked up his mother in the coal cellar, with a pocket handkerchief and a pint of ink as her only means of subsistence, set fire to the premises, and went into lodgings. Had he committed this crime in these days, he would probably not have escaped its consequences so easily as he did in those in which, unfortunately for his parents, his childhood's lot was cast. His career of villainy, however, was only commencing. Within a month of his entering those lodgings he nailed the ears of his landlady's little boy to the parlour door, and rang the bell. This inhuman act culminated in his being obliged to quit those apartments at a week's notice. I am not sure that it would be right to empty all the vials of wrath upon the Old Fogie's head, because there have been others, in former ages, quite as bad. Julius Caesar, for instance, and Oliver Cromwell were worse, but still I can hardly think this ruffian violator worthy of the conspicuous honour you have bestowed on him. In confirmation I extract the following from an ancient copy of the *Old Trafford Mercury*, a journal now extinct:—

"We are informed that a horrible outrage has been committed by a youth, in this neighbourhood, whose name has not yet been ascertained. It seems that the youth in question being, for some reason, vexed with his landlady, did invent a cruel and diabolical method of wreaking his

malice upon her boy"—But I forbear, sir, to give the harrowing details; enough that I know and publish the name of the atrocious wretch. When Oliver married, he settled down, and tried to stifle remorse, and re-establish his reputation by writing for penny periodicals. In this he seems to have been, to a certain extent, successful, judging from the distinguished marks of favour which he has received from you, sir. But still his crimes are not likelier to be forgotten by his victims, nor to be received with kindlier feelings, because his coat of arms has been inscribed on your frontispiece.

### ALDERMAN HEYWOOD: EXCELSIOR!

Alderman Heywood on Saturday last laid the crowning stone of the spire of the new Town Hall.—See newspaper report.

THE flakes at noon were falling fast,  
As through the square our Heywood passed;  
And on his brow, with hand of ice,  
The frost had traced the quaint device—  
Excelsior

"Oh stay," the council said, "and think,  
Or nerve thy courage with a drink."  
Our Heywood onward still he went,  
Upon the thought of glory bent—  
Excelsior

"Beware the cabstand's serried ranks,  
Nor break your shins against these planks,"  
Thus urged the council's guardian Ward,  
His motto drowned the voice of Ward—  
Excelsior!

"Oh look not down," the tempter cried,  
"Lest head should fail and folks deride;"  
But still our Heywood onward passed,  
Nor craven fear nor doubt expressed—  
Excelsior!

About the time when dinner-ward  
The folks in the surrounding ward  
Were hurrying for the mid-day meal,  
There on the summit reached at last,  
He proudly cried, all perils past,  
With joy he tried not to conceal—  
Excelsior!

### HOAXING THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

SCENE.—The Entrance to the New Conservative Club. The Right Honourable Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the Right Worshipful Mr. J. W. MACLURE, Mr. HUGH BIRLEY, M.P., and Dr. ROYLE, conversing.

Sir Stafford Northcote. I see it's nearly finished. Splendid building capital site, how do you intend to pay for it?

Mr. J. W. Maclure [excitedly]. I say, run for your life; mind the brick, Sir Stafford. [General rush inside the building.]

Dr. Royle. By Jove! Maclure, you're the boldest man I ever met in my life; what the deuce did you alarm us for? I never saw any brick falling.

Mr. Maclure. Nor I either, but didn't you see Birley tip me a wink when Sir Stafford asked how we were going to pay for the club? Ha! it! you didn't expect I was going to let you draw his attention to the shop?

Dr. Royle. Excellent deception truly.

Mr. Maclure. Oh, nothing to what I intend to practice. [Aloud.] I say, Sir Stafford, what do you think of the club? Splendid, isn't it? Best the Reform hollow.

Dr. Royle. Yes, and the Brasennose too.

Mr. Maclure. Now, just drop that, Royle.

Dr. Royle. Drop what?

Mr. Maclure. Oh, you know what.

Dr. Royle. Upon my word, I don't know what you mean.

Mr. Maclure. Well, if you don't drop it, I'll drop you. Come at Birley; let's show the Chancellor the rest of the building.

*Sir Stafford Northcote [in a whisper].* I say, doctor, what's the matter with Maclure?

*Dr. Royle.* I really can't tell you; but he can't bear to hear "The Brassenose" spoken about.

*Sir Stafford Northcote.* Was he ever blackballed in it?

*Dr. Royle.* Oh! no; blackballed! I'd like to see the Liberal or Tory who dared to do anything of the sort; wouldn't they catch it in all the papers!

*Sir Stafford Northcote.* Oh, then, he's got good friends on the papers?

*Dr. Royle.* Friends, I should think he had; why he dictates a leader a week to the editors of the *Guardian* and *Examiner*, and stands dinners at the Reform Club daily to all the hard-up literary men he can find.

*Sir Stafford.* Do you think he'd lend me £5 until I get back to London? I lost all my money at whist last night with Birley, and I don't like to borrow it back, or he'll want heavy interest when he comes up to London.

*Dr. Royle.* I daresay he will —

*Mr. Maclure [from a distance].* Now, look here; I don't mind dancing attendance on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but I'm —

*Mr. Birley.* Don't swear, please.

*Dr. Royle.* Look here, I've stood this long enough. I'm not going to be bullied by Maclure in this way, and if he doesn't apologise, I don't mind taking off my coat and having a set-to on the spot with him.

*Sir Stafford.* Good! Good! I'll back the doctor.

*Mr. Maclure.* You will; will you? Then, Birley, just hold my coat, and I'm blessed if I don't make the doctor give up any hopes of ever being member for a three-cornered constituency.

*Mr. Birley.* But, gentlemen, remember the Conservative cause. Faney Dr. Royle, with a black-eye, standing up in defence of the Established Church; or Mr. Maclure taking round the hat, after swallowing a tooth or two!

*Dr. Royle.* Well, will he apologise?

*Mr. Maclure.* See you — at the Conservative Club first.

*Dr. Royle.* All right; then let's go there and settle the difference at once.

*Sir Stafford.* Just so. Take my arm, Birley.

*Mr. Maclure [in a whisper].* I say, doctor, we managed the matter splendidly. We've got the Chancellor out at the back door, and he's not seen one of the shops yet. I'd like to hear how he'll hoax the Cabinet when he gets back about our splendid club. I say, doctor (striking attitude), "What Manchester does to-day, England will do to-morrow." Ha! ha! Hang it, Royle, laugh quietly, or you'll be blue in the face.

*Dr. Royle.* Ah, I feel better now, since you've loosened my white choker a bit.

#### LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANIES.

**A**DVICE to all who are in debt or difficulties: try to float a limited liability company—it cannot do you any harm in any case, because if a smash comes after all you will not be worse off than you were before, and you have the chance of pulling through all right. The experiment is an easy one. Suppose you have a business or property and no money to carry it on with, your case is surely a hard one; and why should not you as well as anyone else utilise some of the idle capital of the public—if you can get hold of it. The process is simple; as simple as getting into debt. Just draw up a prospectus—state your case fairly; say that you have a valuable and prosperous business which you cannot extend for want of capital, or perhaps the statement will come with better grace from your principal creditor; say nothing, of course, about your debts, rather enlarge on the value of the various items on the bill of fare. There is no harm in exaggerating a little on this score. Get a few good names on the original draft of the prospectus, and if the people won't join after all, you have done no harm. Get a solicitor and broker, and make the principal

creditor chairman of the board of directors. Then throw this bit of bread upon the waters and wait. The chances are, that if you have managed the affair skilfully, you will succeed in getting people to buy shares. The public will buy shares in almost anything now-a-days, so long as it is plausible. The chances are that if you come to grief it will be your own fault; there is nearly sure to be some bungling somewhere, and it will never do for bunglers to start limited liability companies. You have either arranged the preliminaries in a slovenly manner, or you have miscalculated your strength of holding out till the public purse begins to bleed, and you go smash; in which case your principal creditor manages to wriggle out of it with his pockets full of plunder, and you have to begin the world again.

#### THE HOLLY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

**T**HE beauties of the holly now I chant,  
Which is a very admirable plant;  
Each blushing berry peeping through the leaves,  
Adorns the greenness, and the eye relieves;  
For if there were  
No berries there,  
The general appearance of the holly,  
Would form a picture anything but jolly.  
That holly tree would be a dismal sight,  
Without those berries red, which make it bright;  
A nasty, shapeless, prickly sort of tree,  
With no attractiveness for you and me;  
But still the birds  
Go there in herds,  
Not for the sake of berries quite so much,  
As just because the holly's nature's such.  
For when the other trees of leaves are bare,  
Those little dickey birds become aware,  
That every climbing cat and murderous beast,  
Can catch them roosting and enjoy a feast;  
So they repair,  
To places where,  
As on the holly tree, they are secure,  
From artful weazel and from cat demure.  
For when the cat to climb the holly tries,  
Those prickles tear that creature's paws and eyes;  
The weazel too, and others of their foes,  
Avoid the holly as experience goes;  
Those berries they,  
Allow to stay,  
Among the spikes the poet's eye to greet,  
Because they've lots of other things to eat.  
But when the ground is frozen, and it snows,  
And up and down the land the north wind blows;  
Those dainty little birds begin to reason,  
And find that everything is good in season;  
And so you know,  
Those birds they go,  
And not content with lodgings for the night,  
By day they strip the tree of berries quite.  
The poet then, that holly tree who owns,  
At those small birds will take to throwing stones  
Or even harsher measures will adopt,  
In order that the plunder may be stop't:  
He does not see  
Why this should be,  
And though averse to taking measures rude,  
He shoots those birds for their ingratitude.

**SUSPICIOUS.**—It is rumoured that the Khedive no longer plays pyramids, but sticks to all-fours, and that his stakes are millions.

prevents the construction of any effective central board with the needed powers of control. The Unitarians, from their constitution, are nothing if not critical, and war rather against existing churches and congregations than to seek to build up new ones. The Wesleyan system for aggressive purposes is practically the best existing among us, and must be held free to a great extent from the strictures which we have passed upon the supineness of Dissent generally. But it is tinctured too much with sacerdotalism in its government, and savours too distinctly of Romanism in its discipline to commend itself very heartily to the general English mind. For purposes of aggression, Presbyterianism, as possessing the root principles of representative government, mutual help, and a central motive power, appears to the present writer—who frankly confesses his individual predilections, and, it may be, prejudices—to be ideally the most perfect system. Unfortunately, however, its representatives in this district cannot or will not make it comprehensible to the uninstructed mind, and choose to exhibit it chiefly in their meetings, as affording prime facilities for the maintenance of vain disputations, the continuance of petty personal wranglings and unbrotherly jealousies. But, under whatever name the union and aggressive power are to be obtained, it is the end to which Dissenters must reach before they can exhibit the advantages which religion enjoys in freedom in such a form as to convince State-fettered Churchmen to follow them into the wilderness, in the confident hope of reaching, by and bye, that promised land, in which unity and freedom will be made fully manifest, and perfect peace will begin its endless reign in the Church universal.

### THE OLD FOGIE'S BIOGRAPHY.

[BY A STREET PHILOSOPHER.]

DEAR MR. JACKDAW,—I never could understand what you saw in that Old Fogie, that you should make so much of him, and I have frequently said so, but now that you have actually gone the length of putting his coat of arms on your frontispiece, I think that it is time for me to set forth who the viper is that you are warming in your bosom. Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that the Old Fogie is a Liberal, with a wife and large family—such are some of the fruits of vicious training and a bad disposition. His real name is Oliver Cramwell, and his father used to keep a beershop at Old Trafford. The young Oliver early displayed those depraved instincts which have rendered him, later in life, a sort of exaggerated Kenealy, and which rendered him, even in early youth, a blustering, hardhearted, blockheaded invader of domestic peace—a gentleman who loved everybody, so long as they did not stand in the way of his own selfish aggrandizement. One of Oliver's earliest exploits was to cut off his aged father's head, which he had previously punched, as had been his custom on many occasions. He then locked up his mother in the coal cellar, with a pocket handkerchief and a pint of ink as her only means of subsistence, set fire to the premises, and went into lodgings. Had he committed this crime in these days, he would probably not have escaped its consequences so easily as he did in those in which, unfortunately for his parents, his childhood's lot was cast. His career of villainy, however, was only commencing. Within a month of his entering those lodgings he nailed the ears of his landlady's little boy to the parlour door, and rang the bell. This inhuman act culminated in his being obliged to quit those apartments at a week's notice. I am not sure that it would be right to empty all the vials of wrath upon the Old Fogie's head, because there have been others, in former ages, quite as bad. Julius Caesar, for instance, and Oliver Cromwell were worse, but still I can hardly think this ruffian violator worthy of the conspicuous honour you have bestowed on him. In confirmation I extract the following from an ancient copy of the *Old Trafford Mercury*, a journal now extinct:—

"We are informed that a horrible outrage has been committed by a youth, in this neighbourhood, whose name has not yet been ascertained. It seems that the youth in question being, for some reason, vexed with his landlady, did invent a cruel and diabolical method of wreaking his

malice upon her boy"—But I forbear, sir, to give the harrowing details; enough that I know and publish the name of the atrocious wretch. When Oliver married, he settled down, and tried to stifle remorse, and re-establish his reputation by writing for penny periodicals. In this he seems to have been, to a certain extent, successful, judging from the distinguished marks of favour which he has received from you, sir. But still his crimes are not likelier to be forgotten by his victims, nor to be received with kindlier feelings, because his coat of arms has been inscribed on your frontispiece.

### ALDERMAN HEYWOOD: EXCELSIOR!

Alderman Heywood on Saturday last laid the crowning stone of the spire of the new Town Hall.—See newspaper report.

True flakes at noon were falling fast,  
As through the square our Heywood passed;  
And on his brow, with hand of ice,  
The frost had traced the quaint device—  
Excelsior

"Oh stay," the council said, "and think,  
Or nerve thy courage with a drink."  
Our Heywood onward still he went,  
Upon the thought of glory bent—  
Excelsior

"Beware the cabstand's serried ranks,  
Nor break your shins against these planks,"  
Thus urged the council's guardian Ward,  
His motto drowned the voice of Ward—  
Excelsior!

"Oh look not down," the tempter cried,  
"Lest head should fail and folks deride;"  
But still our Heywood onward passed,  
Nor craven fear nor doubt expressed—  
Excelsior!

About the time when dinner-ward  
The folks in the surrounding ward  
Were hurrying for the mid-day meal,  
There on the summit reached at last,  
He proudly cried, all perils past,  
With joy he tried not to conceal—  
Excelsior!

### HOAXING THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

SCENE.—The Entrance to the New Conservative Club. The Right Honourable Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the Right Worshipful Mr. J. W. MACLURE, Mr. HUGH BIRLEY, M.P., and Dr. ROYLE, conversing.

Sir Stafford Northcote. I see it's nearly finished. Splendid building capital site, how do you intend to pay for it?

Mr. J. W. Maclure [excitedly]. I say, run for your life; mind the brick, Sir Stafford. [General rush inside the building.]

Dr. Royle. By Jove! Maclure, you're the boldest man I ever met in my life; what the deuce did you alarm us for? I never saw any brick falling.

Mr. Maclure. Nor I either, but didn't you see Birley tip me a wink when Sir Stafford asked how we were going to pay for the club? Ha! it! you didn't expect I was going to let you draw his attention to the shop?

Dr. Royle. Excellent deception truly.

Mr. Maclure. Oh, nothing to what I intend to practice. [Aloud.] I say, Sir Stafford, what do you think of the club? Splendid, isn't it? Best of the Reform hollow.

Dr. Royle. Yes, and the Brasennose too.

Mr. Maclure. Now, just drop that, Royle.

Dr. Royle. Drop what?

Mr. Maclure. Oh, you know what.

Dr. Royle. Upon my word, I don't know what you mean.

Mr. Maclure. Well, if you don't drop it, I'll drop you. Come at Birley; let's show the Chancellor the rest of the building.



*Sir Stafford Northcote [in a whisper].* I say, doctor, what's the matter with Maclure?

*Dr. Royle.* I really can't tell you; but he can't bear to hear "The Brasennose" spoken about.

*Sir Stafford Northcote.* Was he ever blackballed in it?

*Dr. Royle.* Oh! no; blackballed! I'd like to see the Liberal or Tory who dared to do anything of the sort; wouldn't they catch it in all the papers!

*Sir Stafford Northcote.* Oh, then, he's got good friends on the papers?

*Dr. Royle.* Friends, I should think he had; why he dictates a leader a week to the editors of the *Guardian* and *Examiner*, and stands dinners at the Reform Club daily to all the hard-up literary men he can find.

*Sir Stafford.* Do you think he'd lend me £5 until I get back to London? I lost all my money at whist last night with Birley, and I don't like to borrow it back, or he'll want heavy interest when he comes up to London.

*Dr. Royle.* I daresay he will —

*Mr. Maclure [from a distance].* Now, look here; I don't mind dancing attendance on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but I'm —

*Mr. Birley.* Don't swear, please.

*Dr. Royle.* Look here, I've stood this long enough. I'm not going to be bullied by Maclure in this way, and if he doesn't apologise, I don't mind taking off my coat and having a set-to on the spot with him.

*Sir Stafford.* Good! Good! I'll back the doctor.

*Mr. Maclure.* You will; will you? Then, Birley, just hold my coat, and I'm blessed if I don't make the doctor give up any hopes of ever being member for a three-cornered constituency.

*Mr. Birley.* But, gentlemen, remember the Conservative cause. Fancy Dr. Royle, with a black-eye, standing up in defence of the 'Established Church; or Mr. Maclure taking round the hat, after swallowing a tooth or two!

*Dr. Royle.* Well, will he apologise?

*Mr. Maclure.* See you — at the Conservative Club first.

*Dr. Royle.* All right; then let's go there and settle the difference at once.

*Sir Stafford.* Just so. Take my arm, Birley.

*Mr. Maclure [in a whisper].* I say, doctor, we managed the matter splendidly. We've got the Chancellor out at the back door, and he's not seen one of the shops yet. I'd like to hear how he'll hoax the Cabinet when he gets back about our splendid club. I say, doctor (striking attitude), "What Manchester does to-day, England will do to-morrow." Ha! ha! Hang it, Royle, laugh quietly, or you'll be blue in the face.

*Dr. Royle.* Ah, I feel better now, since you've loosened my white choker a bit.

#### LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANIES.

**A**DVICE to all who are in debt or difficulties: try to float a limited liability company—it cannot do you any harm in any case, because if a smash comes after all you will not be worse off than you were before, and you have the chance of pulling through all right. The experiment is an easy one. Suppose you have a business or property and no money to carry it on with, your case is surely a hard one; and why should not you as well as anyone else utilise some of the idle capital of the public—if you can get hold of it. The process is simple; as simple as getting into debt. Just draw up a prospectus—state your case fairly; say that you have a valuable and prosperous business which you cannot extend for want of capital, or perhaps the statement will come with better grace from your principal creditor; say nothing, of course, about your debts, rather enlarge on the value of the various items on the bill of fare. There is no harm in exaggerating a little on this score. Get a few good names on the original draft of the prospectus, and if the people won't join after all, you have done no harm. Get a solicitor and broker, and make the principal

creditor chairman of the board of directors. Then throw this bit of bread upon the waters and wait. The chances are, that if you have managed the affair skilfully, you will succeed in getting people to buy shares. The public will buy shares in almost anything now-a-days, so long as it is plausible. The chances are that if you come to grief it will be your own fault; there is nearly sure to be some bungling somewhere, and it will never do for bunglers to start limited liability companies. You have either arranged the preliminaries in a slovenly manner, or you have miscalculated your strength of holding out till the public purse begins to bleed, and you go smash; in which case your principal creditor manages to wriggle out of it with his pockets full of plunder, and you have to begin the world again.

#### THE HOLLY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

**T**HE beauties of the holly now I chant,  
Which is a very admirable plant;  
Each blushing berry peeping through the leaves,  
Adorns the greenness, and the eye relieves;  
For if there were  
No berries there,  
The general appearance of the holly,  
Would form a picture anything but jolly.  
That holly tree would be a dismal sight,  
Without those berries red, which make it bright;  
A nasty, shapeless, prickly sort of tree,  
With no attractiveness for you and me;  
But still the birds  
Go there in herds,  
Not for the sake of berries quite so much,  
As just because the holly's nature's such.  
For when the other trees of leaves are bare,  
Those little dicky birds become aware,  
That every climbing cat and murderous beast,  
Can catch them roosting and enjoy a feast;  
So they repair,  
To places where,  
As on the holly tree, they are secure,  
From artful weazel and from cat demure.  
For when the cat to climb the holly tries,  
Those prickles tear that creature's paws and eyes;  
The weazel too, and others of their foes,  
Avoid the holly as experience goes;  
Those berries they,  
Allow to stay,  
Among the spikes the poet's eye to greet,  
Because they've lots of other things to eat.  
But when the ground is frozen, and it snows,  
And up and down the land the north wind blows;  
Those dainty little birds begin to reason,  
And find that everything is good in season;  
And so you know,  
Those birds they go,  
And not content with lodgings for the night,  
By day they strip the tree of berries quite.  
The poet then, that holly tree who owns,  
At those small birds will take to throwing stones  
Or even harsher measures will adopt,  
In order that the plunder may be stop't:  
He does not see  
Why this should be,  
And though averse to taking measures rude,  
He shoots those birds for their ingratitude.

**SUSPICIOUS.**—It is rumoured that the Khedive no longer plays pyramids, but sticks to all-fours, and that his stakes are millions.

## LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

[BY OUR OWN LIMB OF THE LAW.]

**M**R. JORDAN has been once or twice asked whether he doesn't intend to sport silk. "Stuff" was the learned counsel's reply—at which everybody laughed, but we are waiting for an explanation of the joke, if it was one.

We learn, on good authority, that Samuel Pope, Esq., Q.C., is to be raised on the shoulders of the members of the bar and carried to the mess, where he has promised to explain the Alliance principles, provided they're not enforced at the time.

Mr. Smyly has kindly undertaken to give the younger fry of the Northern bar a chance of disporting on the Irwell.

## SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

## III.—ON A TURNIP.

**W**HEN I was a little boy I used to have a predilection for raw turnips which, I am sorry to say, I used, usually, to steal. Perhaps this was more than half the charm of the meal, but I can distinctly remember, on more than one occasion, munching raw turnips, which did not belong to me, with great satisfaction. I shall ever remember the trepidation that seized me when I was caught sitting on a farmer's gate, slicing one of that farmer's turnips and chewing it with great relish. I thought I was in for it, but the farmer, with an intuitive knowledge of political economy, which did him great credit, recognised, from my appearance and clothing, the fact that I did not belong to the class whom hunger drives to steal, so, instead of rebuking me, he cheerfully bade me good day, and, remarking that his turnips were very fine, invited me to help myself. This, I believe, was my very first lesson in the science of political economy above mentioned. I felt there, then, as I feel here now, that had I been a poor hungry lad, with a ragged jacket, that farmer would have given me a cuff on the head, and handed me over to the parish constable. He would have been quite right of course. It is one thing to fill a craving belly with stolen provender, and another to steal wantonly and purposelessly—for, between you and me, I had no necessity to eat raw turnips at all, having a plentiful and well-cooked dinner waiting for me at home. I was too young to moralise much then, otherwise I might have formulated all kinds of monstrous and radical notions about there being one law for the rich and another for the poor, and so on. I know better now, and accept that axiom with mild satisfaction. I often wonder that it is worth anyone's while now to combat that theory with unnecessary arguments. Why should anyone object to this truth, or the state of things brought about thereby? Why should we pretend to believe, from age to age, that our laws favour poor and rich alike? If the laws were so constituted, I should like to know how society would get on. Douglas Jerrold expended a large amount of savage irony on the question, so did Thackeray in a milder form. These were not shallow philosophers, yet there are numberless philosophers who show their shallowness by considering this question as one worthy of argument on one side or t'other. There is no need to be savage about it at all, nature has decreed that as long as the world lasts there shall be one law for the poor and another for the rich, it is nature's mute and immutable protest against socialism. It is the great bulwark of modern civilisation. In supporting the vain and absurd signment that English or any other laws are impartial to personal considerations, we not only maintain, carefully, what is untrue, but we are needlessly blackening the character of the laws themselves. In sending that ragged, hungry boy (supposed) before the magistrates that farmer would have acted with fairness and justice, just as he acted fairly and justly by your humble servant, who was neither ragged nor hungry. What was money made for, I should like to know, if it were not intended to have its influences? A man brought into a police court with a pocket

full of coins, might as well have them full of nutshells if he is not to be allowed to pay a fine instead of going to prison. People are too apt to sneer at the well-dressed person getting off easily, and the frowsy varlet being severely punished; but this is nature, not law. Nature, which no amount of legislation, no quantity of windy oratory, will suffice to extinguish.

I was in rather a fright though, I must confess, when I saw that farmer coming towards me, and tried to hide that turnip in my breeches' pocket, but the turnip was too big, and I was caught in the fact. My friends, when we are caught in any delinquency, may each and all of us be able to plead respectability. As a general rule, this is better than innocence, better than a tranquil conscience, for it carries with it all the enjoyment of guilt, without any of the evil consequences thereof.

## HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

**I**T will be remembered that the earlier and more valuable portion of these hints appeared elsewhere. I am happy to say that they seem to have borne some fruit. A "brilliant literary writer," doubtless prompted by some of my suggestions, contributed last week the following poem to a humorous and satirical contemporary:—

## In Memoriam.

[PRESTWICH CHURCH, 24TH NOVEMBER, 1875.]

"I heard a voice."—*Burial Service.*

He counselled oft with either fate,  
And many a shrewd disaster knew,  
And undejected, unelate,  
Gave Want her welcome, Wealth his due—  
Dost hear the Voice? "What must be, must:  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

It is not good to be always on the broad grin, and the depth and solemnity of this poet's remarks form a very pretty contrast to the exuberance of fun and frolic among which they are cast. Still, however, in my capacity of teacher I am bound to be critical, and suggest that there is not much meaning in this first verse; nor, on glancing down the whole poem, can I discover who it was who was buried, what he died of, why the writer was so sorry for him, or why the deceased was undejected or unelate over disasters the nature of which is not defined. It is also difficult to understand why the scene was laid at Prestwich, unless, indeed, the "Voice" mentioned is that of an escaped lunatic interrupted in his meditations among the tombs by a funeral. The next verse does not make matters clearer:—

For thou wast consonant with thyself,  
As are the oaks and all the trees;  
For its own sake thou lov'dst not pelf,  
And nothing shook thy purposes—  
Ah me, ah thee, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

To say that a man was consonant with himself like oaks and other trees, and did not love pelf for its own sake, is poetical, but not lucid as a definition of character; and as we are not informed what the purposes were which were never shaken, it is hard to appraise the value of that bit of information. Passing from conversation to description, the poet finds a new rhyme for dust:—

In thought he ripier grew, than old;  
The part they cast him in, he played,  
And fain he'd turned our age to gold,  
If Fortune hadn't proved a jade—  
She's quit her of her stepdame's trust:  
"Ashes," &c.

Similar remarks to those above also apply here. This is a very mysterious man whom our poet is describing, but there is not yet to be discovered any distinguishing feature in his character:—



What lifelong cross thou still didst bear  
It needs not, reck's not, now to say;  
What wilderness, what thorns were there,  
Or how thy strength was as thy day—  
As saith the Voice, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

The poet still persistently refuses to give any information about the subject of his poem, as will be seen from the above lines. It is rather rough on the deceased, though, to keep taunting him with that chorus. With admirable poetic reticence, the poet still withholds information:—

Or how, in spirit bruised and vexed,  
He sought, nor idly sought, relief;  
And found, in seasons worst perplexed,  
Philosophy's true charm for grief—  
Hearing the Voice, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

In the next verse the poet seems rather sceptical. Having buried this person's actions, he is not sure what form they will take when they rise again. He has not, however, yet told us what they were before they were buried. Here is another rhyme for dust:—

We bury now thine actions sweet,  
That, buried, they may rise again,  
As is the rising of the wheat,  
Perchance, or of some other grain—  
So saith the Voice, and God is just:  
"Ashes," &c.

The next two verses are worth giving together:—

And be thy foibles buried, too,  
That were but accidents of thee,  
Leaving thine essence pure and true,  
And white in its sincerity—  
Still, hark, the Voice, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

Bury the undissembled scorn,  
Bury the unaffected love—  
The one, of this world's wisdom born;  
The other, of th' inspiring dove:  
Ah, knowledge breeds a wise distrust—  
"Ashes," &c.

The only remark to be made on these last is that the sentiments are not very interesting to the general reader, who was probably unacquainted with the mysterious "foibles" and actions of the deceased person. The interest is varied, however, by a new rhyme for dust. There is more mystery in the next two verses:—

And now is hushed that word of cheer,  
And cold that outstretched hand of thine,  
That stinted not, if need were near,  
To pour in oil as well as wine—  
And heard the Voice, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

And oft-times, in the days to be,  
Our Eastering mirth, in hall or bower,  
Shall keep a sigh-long Lent for thee,  
In many an unrefraining hour;  
Echoing the Voice, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

Although there is no novelty in the fact of a dead man's voice being hushed, and his hand cold, still the reticent allusion to the oil and wine will be received by the public with enthusiasm. The expression "sigh-long Lent" requires explanation, as does also the whole stanza in which it occurs. The idea of keeping Lent at Easter with mirth in unrefraining hours is a very poetical one, but hardly commends itself to the intelligence of the general reader as the poetry in a humorous and satirical journal ought to do. The idea in the next stanza of a soul making its owner's eyelids sick with showers, and being told to sit still, would be admirable if it had any relation to anything at all:—

And, so, enough of strewing flowers:  
Sit still, my soul; our task is done;  
Nor make mine eyelids sick with showers,  
Vain! though true-wet in Helicon.  
Nay, hark, the Voice, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

Heaven rest all souls who've fought the fight,  
And plucked from death the victory:  
Thanks, good Sir Priest, in stole of white;  
And God say *Benedicite*!  
Still list the Voice, &c.,  
"Ashes," &c.

So ends this remarkable dirge or elegy, which our humorous and satirical journal has published for our delectation. I would only suggest to this poet that he has not properly studied my hints. Persistent allusions to the burial service, mixed up with vague and unintelligible remarks on ashes and things in general, are not the sort of materials from which readable poetry is manufactured; in proof of which the poet under notice may be quoted as an example.

### THE INFIRMARY SITE.

WE have received the following suggestions relative to the disposal of the pile of buildings known as the "Manchester Royal Infirmary," and the adaptation of the site to useful purposes:—

MR. FRANCIS FULLER, philanthropist.—I would suggest that the building be turned into a Winter Palace, by a Limited Company, and that Francis Fuller, Esq., of London, be made managing director at a salary of £10,000 per annum. The surrounding grounds could be converted into an imitation Manley Park, in which the toiling thousands should seek to study Nature at a small charge of 1s. per head.—For further particulars apply to the London Bankruptcy Court, where my address will be furnished.

MESSRS. AGNEW & Co.—We would gladly furnish the interior with works of art, at our own prices, on condition that an Art Union be formed, with 100,000 shares of £1 each, and that we be paid in advance. N.B.—For further particulars see the late scheme in connection with Manley Hall, which was wantonly quashed by interested picture-dealers.

THE TOWN CLERK.—Sell the site for as much as it will fetch, and let the purchaser do as he likes with his bargain, except to re-open the Heron pond.

MR. FOX TURNER.—Convert the building into a middle-class Club, non-political and non-religious, where everyone who cracks a joke shall be forced to crack a bottle of "fizz." Exceptions to be made in favour of literary men and town councillors. The title should be, "The Jocund," and the number of subscribers should be limited to one million.

MR. BOSTON BROWNE, of the Prince's Theatre.—Guess I'd turn it slick into an Albert Hall, and give gigantic concerts in it, or get Charlie Calvert to make it a Shakesperean Theatre, and revive a play every month.

THE THEATRE ROYAL Co. (Limited).—Make it a "Temple of Legitimate Drama," and have Lydia Thompson's opera bouffe troupe in it a month after opening.

MR. REILLY, of the Pomona Gardens.—Make it a skating rink on the ground floor, and a dancing room on the upper storeys. Cattle Shows and "Demonstrations" might be held in the grounds.

MR. JENNISON, of Belle Vue.—Turn it into a monster menagerie, with special wards for Manchester monkeys and puppies; Stock Exchange bulls and bears; and cotton-mill mules.

MR. ARONSBURG.—Convert it into an Asylum for disappointed philanthropists. [Green spectacles and 1s. barometers would be furnished free of cost.]

MR. SAM BRADLEY, F.R.C.S.—Do nothing with it, but let me write to the *Guardian* about dark wards and erysipelas, and "draw the screw" of the members of the staff, while I draw my own salary as well.

THE PATIENT and the PUBLIC.—Leave it alone!

THE "CITY JACKDAW."—Ditto, my boys.



## WHAT SAYS HE? CAW!

Cowper.

**M**R. COUNCILLOR CROSTON, we owe you an apology. We mixed up your name with that of a kinsman in connection with St. Clement's Ward, last week. You don't wonder at it. We do, for we thought two stars of equal brilliancy could not keep up their light in the same firmament.

No matter, if your kinsman continues to sell the *Jackdaw* we'll always have a warm side for him.

The *City News* speaks of a gentleman as "not merely a librarian—he was a library." Just so, and he's been shelved.

Mr. Fairbairn's statue is to be executed by Mr. Gelfowski. Wouldn't Sir William have made a mess of the sculptor's name had he been living!

Some of the newspapers had a heading the other day, "The Bishop of Manchester on the stage." Let's hope that his lordship hasn't given up his living to take part in the pantomimes.

If he has, he ought to appear as the harlequin, as he's here, there, and everywhere, and always up to mischief.

Mr. Page, the superintendent of the markets, has failed to get a conviction against people dealing in putrid butter. He has since taken to swallow dry toast, and changed his name to Felix Folio.

Mr. Noble, through us, begs to contradict the rumour that the Cromwell statue was the result of the study of Mr. R. T. Walker and Councillor Brown.

Has anybody seen the moon lately? Alderman Heywood declares that the man-in-the-moon has taken to make faces at Cromwell.

Mrs. Lewis has been instructing the fair sex of Manchester how to cook a steak. Several of the ladies looked chop-fallen at her suggestions.

We're to be asked to co-operate with London in erecting a national statue to the memory of Byron. The Orangemen are willing that Cromwell should be melted down, and re-cast. Wouldn't that B-yrony?

Alderman Heywood laid the top stone of the spire of the New Town Hall, last week. What will he aspire to next? We're afraid he'll get vane-glorious.

Miss Becker says Adam and Eve were the first co-operators. Mightn't she have said a word for the grass-co-hopperators?

Things are coming to a pretty pass. The members of the National Reform Union are going to hold a conference, to inquire whether there are any Liberal working-men left in Manchester.

If there's one found, Mr. Blatherwick, a Conservative working-man, and he are to be put together in a glass case, at the cost of the city.

We're informed by Dr. Reed that Wellington gets fearfully ex-sited at the prospect of somebody talking about the top of Piccadilly being the ex-site of the Infirmary.

By the way, what's the meaning of the frequent remands of prisoners at the City Police Court. Is the Stipendiary paid according to the time he occupies in disposing of a prisoner?

Couldn't he take a lesson from Sir John, and send prisoners to gaol before they've time to wink?

## HIS AUNT.

**A**LAD  
An aunt  
He had;  
I shan't  
Say more;  
But he  
Of yore  
To me  
Did tell  
This tale.  
You well  
May rail,  
But still  
His fate  
I will  
Narrate.

"Oh, why,  
My aunt,  
Should I  
Not plant,"  
Said he,  
"My foot  
For spree  
In soot?"

His aunt  
Was tall,  
He scant  
And small.  
Said she,  
"Come here  
To me,  
My dear."

His face  
Was red;  
The place,  
Instead,  
That bore  
That hue  
Was sore  
A few,  
When he  
Returned.  
Said he,  
It burned.

## LANCASHIRE GENTLEMEN AND CHESHIRE SQUIRES.

**M**Y DEAR MISTER JACKDAW,—I am whipper-in to the Cheshire Hunt, and, as no doubt you are aware, the squires composing that hunt purposely keep out of the newspapers their fixtures for the season, because they object to the presence of Manchester and Liverpool gentlemen at the meets. Notwithstanding that this fact is well known, the Manchester and Liverpool "gents" insist upon thrusting themselves on our company—at least a few of them do so. One German gentleman in particular, who has his warehouse in the neighbourhood of Portland Street, not only thinks he honours us by his presence, but actually had the audacity to offer to pay the entire expenses of the hunt, provided he was allowed to don the orthodox hunting coat. The Cheshire squires, to a man, declined the offer, with scarlet faces; but you'll scarcely credit it that this same

German gentleman still continues to attend our meets, and swears like an Englishman—in fact it is with difficulty that our hounds will break, owing to his broken German getting across the scent. This Von Nimrod, however, has a son, who is a thorough-going Englishman, at least he says so, and he hunts three days a week with us, as he manages to know, on the sly, when the meetings are held. Surely a hint through your columns, that Cheshire squires object to associate with Manchester gentlemen, will have the effect of keeping our meets more select in future. Yours, &c.

RIDE TO HOUNDS.

### BE KIND TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR.

Air: "Be kind to thy father, mother, brother, sister, aunt," &c.

**B**E kind to your neighbour! remember the wall  
Is only an inch or two thick;  
You shouldn't go in for such music at all,  
When it only consists of a brick.  
If a natural instinct compels you to be  
A plague to the rest of your kind,  
You ought to go out on the desolate sea,  
And sing to the waves and the wind.  
Be kind to your neighbour! he loves to reflect  
On the claims of each cherished relation;  
But surely forbearance you cannot expect,  
When you take them all round in rotation.  
To be kind to his parents he always would strive,  
And brothers, and sisters, and aunt;  
But when at the fortieth verse you arrive,  
His feelings are such that he can't  
Be kind to your neighbour! his spirits are high,  
When you start at another refrain;  
But soon he is seized with a longing to die,  
As he hears it again and again.  
He's not a cantankerous person at all,  
As a rule he is patient enough,  
But three mortal hours of the "Dead March in Saul"  
Is really a little too tough.  
Be kind to your neighbour! for, often from home  
You've caused him to wander for miles,  
And many's the night, when too weary to roam,  
You've driven him up on the tiles.  
But lately, when brooding and pondering there,  
The thought has occurred that some powder,  
Introduced down a neighbouring chimney with care,  
Might make you sing out a bit louder.  
So, be kind to your neighbour! already his soul  
Is dark with a deed that impends;  
Don't harass his brain with a dull rigmarole  
On the duties he owes to his friends.  
Postpone for a season the "Dead March in Saul,"  
If not, he is bent on a feat,  
That will probably lift you, piano and all,  
Out into the neighbouring street.

### LITERATURE AND TOBACCO-PUFFING.

SCENE.—The Clarence Hotel. Time: Wednesday in last week.

First Brilliant Literary Writer. I think I have got thin since I took to literature.

Second Brilliant Literary Ditto. Ahem! What can you expect? But consider the dignity of the prof—

First Brilliant Literary Writer. Blow literature, I say. I haven't got even the price of a cigar on me.

Second Brilliant Literary Ditto. No more have I, and I should like a smoke.

First Brilliant Literary Writer. I've got a good mind to get old Bevins, in Market Street, to give us tick.

Second Brilliant Literary Ditto. He advertises with us, you know.

First Brilliant Literary Writer. I'll go and try, if you will wait here.

[Goes.]

SCENE.—Bevins's Tobacco Shop, in Market Street.

First Brilliant Literary Writer [to Mr. Bevins]. I want a pound of good cigars.

Mr. Bevins. All right, sir. There are these, and I can recommend these, &c., &c. [Shows cigars.]

First Brilliant Literary Writer [selecting]. These seem very nice. Now, if I take a box, will you give me cred—?

Mr. Bevins [pulling a long face]. You'll excuse me, sir, if I can't. I don't do business on those terms. Besides, you know, under existing circumstances—don't you, see?—I like to please literary gents, but —

First Brilliant Literary Writer [cheerfully]. Oh, never mind. I'll call again another time.

Mr. Bevins. Stop a moment, sir. If you get me a puff in the —

First Brilliant Literary Writer [briskly]. Quite out of the question, and yet — [Reflects.]

Mr. Bevins. A kind of a "quid pro quo," as one of you writers said about Withecomb t'other day. Ha! ha!

First Brilliant Literary Writer [reflects]. We have given Withecomb a puff, and why not Bevins, though his cigars aint much. [Aloud.] Very well, Mr. Bevins, I will see what I can do—in the meantime [abstractedly].

Mr. Bevins. Hexcuse me, sir, but I knows you literary gents, and when I gets the paragraph I'll deliver the goods.

First Brilliant Literary Writer. And you'll have it framed, to hang in the window.

Mr. Bevins. Yes, certainly; and quote it, too.

SCENE.—The Clarence Hotel. Enter First Brilliant Literary Writer, with a box of cigars under his coat.

Second Brilliant Literary Writer. Well, have you succeeded?

First Brilliant Literary Ditto. Behold, my boy, the fruits of literature!

Scene closes.

N.B.—The paragraph is now on view.

### NUTS FOR THE BISHOP TO CRACK.

**T**HOUGHT the Bishop of Salford to give his I O U to the Pope in the event of Peter's Pence being somewhat limited at the forthcoming festive season of the year?

Can a man marry his widow's niece?

Can a deceased wife's sister entertain a proposal of marriage from her maiden aunt's son-in-law by a former husband?

May a starving curate's wife say that marriages are ordained in heaven?

May the Dean of Manchester look forward to a time of peace and goodwill if there's an Orangeman in the flesh at Christmas?

May the Town Clerk of Manchester take something out of the rates to defray the expenses of a Christmas treat to the City Council?

Oughtn't Councillor Joseph Thomson to be burnt as a heretic for quoting the name of the devil, in the presence of ladies, at the last meeting of the Council?

### COOKING REFORM.

**T**HE thanks of the country are due to Mrs. Lewis for the lectures she is delivering on the question of "Food Reform in Cooking." She is now paying a visit to Manchester, and her lectures are exciting very deep interest. Indeed her suggestions must recommend themselves to every lover of good eating. For instance; in cold weather she recommends that potatoes should always be boiled and eaten in their jackets, otherwise they are subject to catch cold, and some colds are liable to be carried into the human system even when they are caught from a potato. Steaks ought never to be cooked in a frying-pan; they ought to be swallowed raw, especially in winter, and where the appetite was very delicate, the



steaks ought simply to be warmed through—if there was not time to cook them properly. This recommendation was given more particularly to restaurants. Where chops were scarce they ought not to be put upon the table, as they were sure to be dear. Roasting butchers Mrs. Lewis most thoroughly condemned, as she thought it didn't make them tender. Beefsteak pies ought to be looked upon with abhorrence, as everybody who partook of them must have a touch of crustiness. A sheep's head would be a rare delicacy if it was cooked properly. It ought to be singed with the skin on, smothered in onions, and afterwards, if there was the slightest flavour about it, should be given to the cat. Lamb ought never to be partaken of with mint sauce—by vegetarians. Pickles were especially condemned, and Mrs. Lewis was of opinion that there was great waste in connection with this department of the housewife. She recommended that the onions, cabbage, gherkins, &c., should be swallowed in their native simplicity, and the vinegar should be kept in the cupboard—or else taken afterwards. The cooking of fish was not understood in this country. If a cod's head and shoulders, bones included, were submitted to a similar process to that which sausage meat underwent, people might have quantity as well as quality on their tables. Where oysters couldn't be had for sauce, Mrs. Lewis strongly recommended her hearers most sensibly to do without them.

### STREET READING.

[BY A STREET PHILOSOPHER.]

A NOTABLE fact in connection with street reading is this, that in the dull season, when people grumble that "there is nothing in the papers," the bills of those journals are more than usually prolific with big "lines." This may probably be accounted for by the fact that the man who makes those lines is now thrown, to a great extent, on his own mysterious resources. For instance, the upsetting of a boat in Canada is not in itself a very interesting accident, even though eleven lives be lost; but then, when foolish people are just beginning to contemplate skating, and see on the bill of the *Courier*, FATAL ICE ACCIDENT; ELEVEN LIVES LOST! then, I say, those people are interested in that accident, and waste a penny in the purchase of that Conservative journal. Then, when they find that it wasn't an ice accident at all, properly so called, they regret that penny in spite of the wise and courteous article on Oliver Cromwell. One province of the man who makes those bills in the dull season, is to be descriptive; for instance, suicides are common enough, and however horrible, or distressing, or painful they may be, people get tired of them. So, in the dull season, that man gets hold of that painful circumstance, and makes it interesting; as, for example, SUICIDE OF A TURKISH BOND HOLDER! AN AMERICAN VIEW OF COLONEL BAKER'S CASE! BURGLARY BY A BOTANIST! EMBEZZLEMENT BY AN EX-POLICEMAN! &c., &c. In all which cases the bare event, trivial in itself, is made to look interesting on that bill by the force of that man's imagination and research.

When that man has a thing to deal with like the Wainwright case, his work is comparatively easy. He knows that the smallest details about that case will be eagerly read, and so he has only got to put upon that bill, THE WHITECHAPEL TRAGEDY: LATEST PARTICULARS! then everybody buys that evening paper on spec, and reads with avidity how "Henry" yesterday had his hair cut, with a special revelation by the barber; also how Thomas asked to be allowed to purchase a box of corn plaisters. It is gratifying to think that the British public should be now so well educated as to take a deep interest in matters like these. It is gratifying, at least to the newspapers, which certainly profit by it. Then there is the "purchase of the Suez Canal shares;" but this is not such a good thing as the Wainwright case, because everybody can understand the details of a murder, while there are a large majority of readers who do not know what the Suez Canal is, or where it is, or what the whole business means; though some of them have a hazy notion that it means a great triumph of Conservative policy. These, it is needless to say, are Conservatives; but

if you were to ask them why they were so, they would probably, like "The Lover of Nature," answer, "because they are." ANOTHER NAVAL DISASTER makes a capital line on the bill, and the man who makes that bill, and who certainly knows what's what, always keeps that line standing, or one equivalent in meaning, for he knows from experience that the British navy is like a well-regulated family, in which accidents will occur.

### WHAT IS RESPONSIBILITY.

Mr. Disraeli has satisfied himself that it is the naval element at the Board which is responsible for the Vanguard minute and other blunders, and therefore has put his veto on the retirement of Mr. Ward Hunt.—*United Service Gazette*.

Why should we shunt  
Ward Hunt?  
Let him retain  
His post!  
His rôle is to explain  
And boast,  
And pluck from stupid blunders consolation—  
A statesman-like and useful occupation.

Why should we blame  
His name  
For blunderings,  
Disgrace,  
Or such-like trivial things?  
His place  
Is just to sit and supervise disaster,  
And say it's lucky if it come no faster.

Why should the brunt  
By Hunt  
Of blame be borne?  
He knows  
To jest where others mourn,  
And crows,  
When men of less abilities would croak,  
And, skilful, turns dejection to a joke.  
And so our Hunt  
To shunt,  
Would be a crime;  
He lives,  
An honour to the time;  
And gives  
Adornment to the sphere in which he moves,  
As every word and every action proves.

But let not those  
Suppose,  
Who here peruse,  
That we  
Have no one to accuse;  
Far be  
It from the genius of the Constitution,  
The guilty must be led to execution!  
Subordinates,  
Your fates  
Hereby are sealed!  
No more  
The fact can be concealed,  
Ashore  
Henceforward we for admirals will search,  
And leave our gallant seamen in the lurch.

### THE RIVAL OPERA COMPANIES.

TO enter into description of the merits of the companies engaged at the Prince's and the Queen's this week would hardly be within our province. Musical criticisms, as a rule, are uninteresting reading, and the few persons who do take an interest in them would expect far more than we are able to give them. We shall therefore be content with expressing a regret that the two opera companies should have selected the same week for their visit to Manchester. That this circumstance is a

mere coincidence may be a fact, but at the same time it will be hard to persuade people that it is so; and those who would have liked to hear Madame Nilsson, in "Faust," and Madame Albani, in "Sonnambula," will feel aggrieved undoubtedly not without cause. They will very likely think with us, that the manager who allows his rivalries or ambition to clash with public requirements is not pursuing a very sensible course, or consulting his own ultimate advantage. It is very possible, as has been said before, that the thing could not have been avoided, but the public are thin-skinned in such matters.

### REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following touching effusion, which, he says, dropped from the pocket of a member of the Salford police force. The writer of it has evidently a tolerable acquaintance with geography, a singularly strong imagination, and a romantic disposition. If the heart of Jemima is not touched by this, she must be a very stony-hearted cookmaid; but we forget that the sonnet never reached its destination:—

TO JEMIMA.

Throughout the world, from east to west,  
Mid varied scene,  
By restless spirit onward pressed,  
My path has been;  
From Russia's plains of endless snow  
To where, 'mid summer's sultry glow,  
Australia's golden rivers flow  
Rich banks between.  
For many a weary day I've cleft  
The salt-sea foam;  
In many a land, of friends bereft,  
I've chanced to roam.  
I've seen rare wonders, far and wide,  
Of tropic flowers in all their pride,  
But the sweetest flower I e'er espied  
Grows close to home.  
Unharm'd I've stood when all around  
The death-shots whirled,  
And when against my bark the waves  
Their mad force hurled;  
But now I'm wounded sore at last,  
E'en when I thought all danger past,  
My ship in port, my anchor cast,  
And all sails furled.  
Maiden, be not a cruel foe,  
Some hope impart  
To one whom thou hast struck so low  
With Love's keen dart;  
That face that beams with kindly light,  
Those tender eyes, so soft and bright,  
Tell that within thy breast doth beat  
A tender heart.

### DR. WATTS AND MISS BECKER AS ADAM AND EVE.

AT a recent meeting of a local co-operative society, Miss Becker and Dr. John Watts were the principal speakers. Miss Becker, in the course of some characteristic and appropriate remarks, observed that an old couplet might well be altered as follows:—

When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Co-operation first began.

From this the fair speaker proceeded to advocate the adoption of the co-operative principle as between men and women; and the suggestion was made that married men, after giving all they could spare to their wives for household expenses, should hand over their "savings" to the said wives, to be invested in the names of those spouses in some co-operative society. Miss Becker did not neglect to remind the meeting of the share of credit accruing to herself from the passing of the Act which

enables ladies to have separate dealings with co-operative societies. Miss Becker appeared to be rather misty about the meaning of the word co-operation, which with charming aggravation she used sometimes in its technical sense, sometimes in its ordinary, and occasionally in a third or mystic sense. This last is doubtless the sense in which we are to take the amended couplet quoted. We must, however, correct one error in Miss Becker's assumption. The first act of "co-operation" took place, according to Scripture, before spinning or digging became a necessity at all. The act of co-operation, in the eating of an apple, cost Adam his birthright. If Adam co-operated after that, which we are not aware that he did, he deserved to be henpecked; which he very probably was.

Dr. John Watts, in the character of a stern and unbeguillable Adam, very properly rebuked Miss Becker for introducing into a business discussion the forbidden fruits of the tree of women's rights. He said that "co-operation" did not aim at saving money at all, but at buying pure and cheap goods for the money expended. This may not be a very palpable distinction—and may even appear to be a cowardly shirking of the question. Still it must be borne in mind that had our first Forefather adopted a similar course, and repelled the offer of the apple with a shower of metaphysical observations, there would never have been any question of women's rights at all.

### ANOTHER GREAT CONSERVATIVE VICTORY.

WE are indebted to our esteemed contemporary, the Manchester *Courier*, for an account of this great triumph of the Cause, which took place in Lower Crumpsall, last Friday night, and was chronicled by the *Courier* last Saturday, under the following heading:—LIBERATIONIST DEFEAT AT LOWER CRUMPSALL. The great William Touchstone was the hero of the occasion, who distinguished himself, and showered glory on the Cause by rudely interrupting the proceedings at a lecture by the Rev. J. S. Balmer, on behalf of the Liberation Society. It appears that Mr. Touchstone and the choice Conservative spirits who accompanied him, allowed the speaker to conclude his lecture, which our friend the *Courier* briefly summarises as follows:—"The usual statements were made by the lecturer." But the reporter didn't go there to report the lecture. Oh, no! there was better work on hand; for immediately on the conclusion of the address, the noble and ardent William opened his campaign by objecting to a vote of thanks being given to the lecturer. In this the heroic W. was heroically supported by a band of Constitutional intruders; so that finally, as the *Courier* records in a paragraph, flushing all over with satisfaction, "no vote of thanks was given." It being then only about half-past ten in the evening, the great Touchstone "challenged" Mr. Balmer to a public discussion—that is, he threw down his glove in the person of Mr. T. T. Berger, of Bolton. This is the question on which Mr. Berger, of Bolton, invited discussion—"Why does not the lecturer seek to disestablish and disendow those Nonconformist ministers who hold livings, yet preach doctrines at variance with their trust deeds?" Mr. Balmer refused to discuss this, at that time, for reasons which will commend themselves to all reasonable people, and which even the *Courier* characterises as "judicious." The intruders at the meeting then proceeded, "by an overwhelming majority," to vote Mr. Balmer "a nuisance and a curse"—"actuated by feelings of prejudice, hatred, and malice." Then the *Courier* proudly adds, "Rule Britannia was sung by the churchmen present, and the meeting separated."

But why "Rule Britannia?" Surely Mr. Touchstone might have found for the "churchmen" some more suitable hymn of triumph after such a glorious achievement. Let us sum up the events which culminated last Friday evening in what the *Courier* crowns over as a great LIBERATIONIST DEFEAT. Messrs. Touchstone and Co. intrude unwarrantably into a meeting whither they were not invited, and insult a clergyman and a gentleman; after which, they retire howling pot-house songs. It is possible that Mr. Touchstone, or Mr. Berger, of Bolton, whose name by the way

we are glad to have come across, may have invented a variation in the words for this occasion, as for example :—

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules our nobs,  
Churchmen, never, never, never, shall be snobs.

We have been compelled, from lack of space, to omit several details of this storm in a puddle, which the *Courier* describes as a GREAT LIBERATIONIST DEFEAT. To our mind that journal would have better served its party by keeping the thing studiously out of notice as a disgraceful escapade, certainly not worth crowing over. When churchmen attend a Liberationist meeting and roar out "Rule Britannia," it is only charitable to suppose that those churchmen are under the influence of liquor, otherwise we must come to a conclusion not creditable to the whole body of churchmen. As to Mr. William Touchstone, he acts only according to his lights, which he does not keep under a bushel. It is to be hoped that when next the *Courier* chronicles a GREAT LIBERATIONIST DEFEAT, the circumstances will be less discreditable to the victors than those under notice.

### THE RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL GRAMMAR.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

#### DEFINITIONS.

THESE depend on the convictions of the person making them. For instance, the *Manchester Courier* defines Oliver Cromwell as a "burglar." An important point in definitions is, that they should be logical; that is to say, that they should contain a syllogism or logical argument. Now, the definition given above is perfectly logical, from the point of view of the *Courier*, and may be thus amplified :—

"Every Liberal is a burglar." (Major premise.)

"Oliver Cromwell was a Liberal." (Minor premise.)

"Oliver Cromwell was a burglar." (Conclusion.)

Now, the only way in which this definition can be upset is by denying one of the premises. Now, no one can deny that every Liberal is a burglar—from a Conservative point of view. Nor will anyone be found to deny that Oliver Cromwell was a Liberal. So the conclusion follows inevitably; and Oliver Cromwell is doomed to the scorn and hatred of posterity.

Example 2. "The *Manchester Examiner* defines Oliver Cromwell as a Great and good man." Here we have the same logical process :—

"Every Liberal is a great and good man." (Major premise.)

"Oliver Cromwell was a Liberal." (Minor premise.)

"Oliver Cromwell was a great and good man." (Conclusion.)

This is equally logical from the *Examiner* point of view. As to the *Guardian*, it does not go into any definition, and nobody cares about definitions in the evening papers.

Let us now, in further explanation, see if we can find a definition for the statue which has recently been erected, so much to the disgust of the *Courier*. Here, again, we take the *Courier* definition :—

"Every statue of a burglar is a disgrace to the city." (Major premise.)

"This is a statue of a burglar." (Minor premise.)

"This is a disgrace to the city." (Conclusion.)

Now hear the *Examiner* :—

"To erect a statue of Cromwell is a graceful compliment." (Major premise.)

"The present statue is one of Cromwell." (Minor premise.)

"The erection of the present statue is a graceful compliment." (Conclusion.)

Now hear the public about it, who do not care one atom about Oliver Cromwell, and many of whom never heard of him :—

"A statue, not particularly handsome, and placed in a very bad situation, is not a thing to crow over much." (Major premise.)

"This is a statue, not, &c." (Minor premise.)

"This is not a statue to crow over much." (Conclusion.)

There is a great tendency, however, in the heat of local or other differences to neglect the logical part of definitions, and change definition into mere

assertion, as "Mr. Birley, M.P., is a great orator." Now the completion of this definition is as follows :—

"Every Conservative member is a great orator." (Major premise.)

"Mr. Birley is a Conservative member." (Minor premise.)

"Mr. Birley is a great orator." (Conclusion.)

The student may now occupy himself by finding out the fallacies, if any, in the following assertions :—"The progress made by the Tramway's Committee has been satisfactory;" "Mr. Taggart, Protestant, is a goose;" "Sir Thomas Bazley is a useful member;" "William Touchstone is a heroic individual;" "Councillor Bailey is a good fellow;" "Sir Joseph Heron is bumptious;" "Mr. Jacob Bright is a Liberal;" "The Infirmary is mismanaged," and so on; after which, the student can invent examples for himself.

### STUDIES AT THE AQUARIUM.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

#### III.—THE LOBSTER.

IT was a lobster in a crack  
Among the rocks; its claws were black;  
'Twas fated that by Nature's whim  
I should not see the rest of him.

And so the reader must content  
Himself with what I can invent;  
For though I wanted to describe him,  
To issue forth I could not bribe him.

At least, I did not know the way  
To make that beast come out and play;  
And stood in fear of being chidden  
For doing something that's forbidden.

'Tis better, far, a shop to seek,  
At certain periods of the week,  
Where lobsters ready to be boiled  
Are neatly on the counter coiled.

For "coiled" I should, perhaps, say "piled,"  
But then 'tis vulgar to say "biled;"  
The other word my purpose serves,  
Preserves the rhyme, and shocks no nerves.

Now take your stick, and with the knob stir  
(Or with the other end) the lobster,  
An operation which will cause  
That reptile to gyrate its claws.

You next for coin may in your fob stir,  
And go and buy that living lobster;  
Or, having at that lobster looked,  
Perhaps you'll buy one ready cooked.

It is a shame if you repair  
To that man's counter just to stare,  
The man could never make a living  
By such an exhibition giving.

To the Aquarium you go  
For seeing fish alive, you know;  
You pass that turnstile, make the mob stir,  
Pay sixpence each, and see your lobster.

Wherever have you been at school?  
That fishmonger is not a fool  
To put those lobsters there, because  
You like to see them move their claws.

But here, in passing, we'll remark  
That Noah's lobsters in the ark  
Most probably behaved like these,  
Which now the fond observer sees.

They must have found it rather tiresome;  
Most certainly it would require some  
Extraordinary resignation  
To make them like that situation.



I think that if those beasts had known,  
They'd rather have been let alone;  
That flood those beasts had sooner braved,  
Than be uncomfortably saved.

But never mind the ark just now  
(A toughish subject you'll allow),  
At present we've no time for thought,  
For now that lobster must be bought.

On that poor man it's rather rough,  
We've stayed and chatted long enough;  
So now the purchase we will make,  
And home that lobster with us take.

And now, to shorten up this ballad,  
We'll make that lobster into salad;  
We'll eat it with an appetite.  
And never sleep a wink all night.

The wife a potion on the hob stirs—  
A fitting supplement to lobsters;  
You swallow down your salts and senna,  
And wish those lobsters at Gehenna.

### LIBERALISM REDIVIVUS.

MR. SLAGG, chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Reform Union, presents his compliments to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, and begs that he will give publicity to the following resolutions, which will be submitted at a conference of the National Reform Union next week:—

#### I.

Moved by the Bishop of Manchester;

Seconded by Sir Joseph de Bloater;

"That this conference most waggishly invites the mover and seconder of this resolution to say whether they entertain Liberal or Tory principles, and, in the event of a great Liberal reaction setting in at this side of the millennium, whether they will respectfully promise to give their votes, if they've got any, to Messrs. Bright and Slagg."

#### II.

Moved by Dr. Pankhurst;

Seconded by Mr. Stanway Jackson;

"That we, the two most valuable members of the advanced Liberal party, do most solemnly: 1st, protest that there's no such thing as Conservatism; 2nd, that Mr. Disraeli and his cabinet are but a delusion and a snare; 3rd, that if we had our own way Manchester should, in the future, be represented by men who have no strings to be pulled; present company always excepted."

#### III.

Moved by Mr. Jacob Bright;

Seconded by Mr. Hugh Mason;

"That in the opinion of this conference the maintenance of Liberalism is necessary; that the most minute inquiries be made as to whether it has not irrevocably become extinguished; and that a fund be at once established for the purpose of galvanising what remnants of it exist—to be applied to purposes to be hereafter decided."

### THE SHE-DRAGON OF IRWELL.

THE annual presentation of prizes to the Salford Regiment of Rifle Volunteers takes place this (Friday) evening, in the Theatre Royal. We hope the house will be crowded to overflowing, for a treat of no ordinary kind is promised in the production of a new comic opera specially written for the occasion. The author of this brilliant effusion is a not unknown member of the Northern Bar, and is a son of a distinguished canon of the Manchester Cathedral. The plot of the opera is extremely simple, being a most unromantic flirtation between Salford and Manchester—the former being represented as a valiant knight, and the latter as a young lady, not over-wise in her generation, but who is cruelly

separated from her lover by the She-Dragon of Irwell—no less a dignitary than our slimy river. On this slender basis the writer has produced no doubt what he considers a most splendid comic opera, and undisputably poetry is his forte. In the legend of the She-Dragon he rises to the highest scope of poetic fancy:—

A good and happy creature  
As e'er you'd wish to see,  
Was this now hideous monster,  
When first she met with me.

They never let poor she alone,  
But at her often threw  
Dead cats and dogs, with many a stone,  
That she thus fiercely grew.

The refrains to the legend are most characteristic, and we cannot refrain from giving one of them to show the versatility and power of expression of this authority:—

Crumberling, grumberling, lumbering, rumberling,  
All things from her path she swept;  
Men all mumberling, women stumberling,  
Running for their lives, all wept.

The death of the She-Dragon is told with wonderfully dramatic force by the Salford Knights, and we should not be at all surprised if the stalwart volunteers who listen to it should be so carried away by enthusiasm as to do something which might make the rest of the audience shudder;—

Ah! I gave the ugly scoundrel such a blow  
That she's exploded like a torpedo.  
I wonder if she's all gone off,  
Or that was only just a little cough,  
Ah! yes, she's dead as any nail,  
I cannot see a movement in a scale.

[Bayonet dance over dead dragon.]

After this, can anyone wonder that the author of this sparkling production holds a high rank in the Salford regiment?

### COUNCILLOR BAILEY AND THE "JACKDAW."

SALFORD seems to be distinguishing itself. Mr. Pownall was returned to the Salford Corporation in November last, and the other evening upwards of sixty of his constituents celebrated his return by dining together. We haven't much to say against Mr. Pownall, except that we fancy he'll turn out, as all Liberal councillors do, to be a Conservative. However, the loss will be his, and the gain will not be on the side of Conservatism. What we have to do with now is a speech of Mr. Councillor Bailey's, who, on the occasion in question, very kindly undertook, according to the *Salford News*, to give the *Jackdaw* a puff. In fact he described that print "as a new and very witty paper." It's all very well to get cheap puffs, but we don't like to get them where there is the slightest suspicion of self-interest actuating the party who utters them. Now it's well known that Councillor Bailey is a clock maker; it's also a matter of fact that all the clocks he makes keep better time than he does himself—at the Council; in fact, if anybody doubts it, we are open to make the assertion, that if Mr. Bailey would place a clock in front of the *Jackdaw* office, the general public would appreciate the gift. But we are bound to say that if Mr. Bailey's intention in puffing the *Jackdaw* was to get a puff in return, we tell him once and for all that our columns shall never be opened to such a purpose. At the same time we are bound in honour to say that we never heard of any better clocks than Mr. Bailey's, or of his machinery going wrong—except when his indigestion after dinner, made him puff the *Jackdaw* and get angry at the editor of the *Salford Chronicle*—a Conservative paper, with whose opinions the *Jackdaw* most cordially sympathises. To come to the point at once; if Mr. Bailey will put a clock up in front of the *Jackdaw* office, and a similar clock in front of the *Salford Chronicle*, we'll pledge our reputation that both will keep most excellent time; that we'll never puff the giver except on the quiet, but we'll allow him the honour of taking us under his wing, and saying whatever he can either for or against us.

## THE OFFICE OF CORONER.

FROM a memorial from the Northern Counties Coroners' Committee [me and my clerk] which has been prepared to be presented to Parliament, we make the following extracts:—

1. That the ancient and constitutional office of coroner has proved through many centuries a protection to human life, and unless a great many over-zealous and disinterested coroners are to be disestablished and disendowed, the office should be tolerated a little longer, otherwise their lives may be sacrificed.

2. That although the duty of the coroner is absolutely and wholly irrespective of the exercise of any discretion, his arrogance and ruling ought never to be disputed.

3. That it is the coroner's duty, on a report duly made to him on the public behalf, of a sudden or suspicious death, to summon a jury, sit upon and abuse the witnesses who exhibit the slightest feelings of respect or sorrow for the deceased, no matter whether he or she died from natural causes, gin drinking, or an overdose of narcotics.

4. That your petitioners duly pray that before they are disestablished and disendowed, a system of superannuation may be adopted by your honourable house.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

THE romantic drama "Clancarty," now being played at this theatre, depending, as it does, in a great measure on grouping and situation, appears to great advantage. The specialities of the Royal are now a stock company of more than average goodness, and a capacity for putting pieces on the stage with effect and taste. We have become, to a certain extent, case-hardened in Manchester to slovenly performances of various kinds, and it is quite refreshing, therefore, to notice that there is, at least, one theatre in Manchester, which bestirs itself to provide things dramatic decently in order. The performance of "Clancarty" has been even and painstaking. Miss M. Cooper especially deserves mention as displaying every sign of promise in her profession. The management seem wisely to have discovered that "Clancarty" is a play which suits very well the abilities of the present company, and, as the play is an interesting and popular one, it was very well chosen to fill up the awkward gap which is bound to come at this season of the year.

## SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

DURING the present winter a course of lectures will be delivered as follows:—

Sir Joseph Heron: "The Geometrical Proportions of a City Alderman."

Alderman Curtis: "The Propelling Power of a Town Clerk."

Alderman Heywood: "The Geological Formation of Oliver Cromwell."

Mr. Fox Turner: "The Human Tongue as a Weapon of War; with illustrations."

Mr. Griffin: "Blue Lights, arising from Conservative Influences, seen through Green Spectacles."

## NARROW ESCAPE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE vengeful trunks of elephants,  
Had nought to do with this disaster;  
No tiger, which, for bloodshed pants,  
Did hurt our future Royal Master.  
His carriage "overturned," that's all,  
And on the ground our Prince did fall;  
Whence he was raised, 'tis said unhurt,  
Undamped in ardour, but all over dirt.

## NOTICES.

OUR PUBLIC MEN.—A Series of Articles under this heading will shortly appear in our columns.—No. 1, "Miss Becker."

The "City Jackdaw," of Friday, December 17th, will contain a Sketch of "Hal o' the Wynd."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

*Conceited Duffer*.—Your proposal, that in exchange for your name and address we should make you a member of our staff, cannot be accepted. The bargain would not be a fair one. Your name and address would be no more use to us than your services.

*One Dissatisfied*.—We do not wish to increase the number.

*R. Holden (Eccles)*.—We had not got far before we were obliged to cry Hold-enough.

*J. C. W.*—The only "offer" we could make would be two shillings a day and your board, the board to be carried in the street.

*Tennis*.—Your verses are not Tennysonian.

*Strange if True*.—The strange action would be on our part in the case supposed.

*How we are Governed*.—Received. Much obliged for former contributions.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS A BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF

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[DECEMBER 10, 1875.]

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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[DECEMBER 10, 1875.]

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